

ISSUE #1

The Global Magazine of Horror

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SHIVERS

PINHEAD SPEAKS!

An exclusive
interview with
Doug Bradley on
HELLRAISER III

DAVID CRONENBERG

Does **LUNCH**, as
NAKED as William S
Burroughs intended

HARDWARE

Director
Richard Stanley
kicks up a storm of
controversy with
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Latest Bad Taste
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SHIVERS

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"Horror is the future. And you cannot be afraid. You must push everything to the absolute limit. Or else life will be boring. People will be boring. Horror is like a serpent, always shedding its skin, always changing. And it will always come back. It can't be hidden away like the guilty secrets we try to keep in our unconscious".

Those words, spoken by Dario Argento, sum up the whole point of the magazine you are now holding. So does the title. *Shivers* was a seminal horror classic. It was directed by David Cronenberg, one of the very few horror filmmakers mainstream critics giddily take seriously. It starred Barbara Steele, the Ultimate Scream Queen. And, sadly in retrospect, its subject has become less outragous and more horrifyingly pertinent with each year that passes. These four themes are the basic concerns of the *Shivers* writing team. Plus having fun in the process, of course!

Bear in mind this journal is dubbed 'The Global Magazine of Horror'. At last, a cast-iron excuse to indulge my Italian obsession. We won't just deal with spaghetti horror though as this premiere issue proves. We'll travel whilst around the world from New Zealand to North Carolina, from South Africa to Japan, from Rome to Hollywood to report on anything of interest. Don't worry, Old favourites will be covered, albeit with a twist. As for Star Trek and Dr. Who, that's the last time they'll be mentioned within these pages!

Shivers is essentially your horror exploration guide. So it's important for us to know your opinions, who or what you'd like to see featured, any general ideas along those lines. There's ample opportunity for drooling feedback either on the *Starliner* letters page or within David McGillicuddy's *Inquisition* column. Just for the record, NO, we will never be publishing short horror fiction, so don't bother submitting any. Otherwise, enjoy...

Alan Jones

David Cronenberg's *Shivers*



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SHAKE & QUAKE NEWS

DRACULA IS DEAD AND WELL AND LIVING IN HOLLYWOOD

The blood-gates have opened. The screen will be swash with vampire movies this time next year thanks to the waves François Coppola's Bram Stoker's *Dracula* is causing. Dubbed 'Poker-ula' by industry pundits for its high erotic content, the Gary Oldman/Wendie Joanne Kraneus Reeves stunner has every producer dusting off old undead scripts. Of the twelve announced, the most interesting are John Landis' *Innocent Blood*, marking his return to the horror field since *An American Werewolf in London*, with Anne (Nakat) Parillaud as the vampire in distress falling in love with her mafia prey Anthony LaPuglia, Finn Kusur's *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* starring Donald Sutherland, Roger Hawke, Kristy Swanson and 'Beverly Hills 90210' heart-throb Luke Perry and *The Lost Boys* 2 penned by Eric (Body Parts) Red. Ken Russell looks set to revive his long-dormant *Dracula* project too, thanks to the current fang-friendly climate.

BRITAIN FIGHTS BACK

Curiously on London locations in Pimlico and Lewisham is *Tales of a Vampire*. This State Screen Production from producers Simon Johnson and Linda Key is a new version of Edgar Allan Poe's poem 'Anastasia Lee' starring Julian Naked Lunch Bonds and Kenneth Hellbound Cranham. Directed by Japanese born Shirokko Sato, look for a set report next issue.

MAD MAX

Mel Gibson has bought the screen rights to the cult television show *The Wild, Wild West* and stars in the first movie installment after he finishes *The Rest of Daniel* where he plays a cryonically frozen test pilot. For those who don't remember, Robert Conrad was the original James T. West, the super-Sheriff secret agent who battled world villains with super-weapons in 1967.

DRILLER KILLER 2

Abel Ferrara's no sooner finished directing the violence-plus *The Bad Lieutenant* in New York about a nun-raping serial killer starring Harvey Keitel, than he began *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* II: *The Harvest* in Selma, Alabama, starring Meg Tilly. Originally written by Dennis Paoli for Stuart (Reanimator) Gordon to direct, the project was passed on by Russell (Highlander II) Mulcahy and Steve (Predator 2) Hopkins before landing on the King of New York's doorman. Now rewritten by favoured Ferrara collaborator Nicholas St. John, this time the alien space pods take over an army base. Incidentally *The Bad Lieutenant* was co-written and also co-stars Zoe Tamerlaine. If that name sounds familiar, she shot to fame in Ferrara's *Me, 45 as Zoë* Tamotsu and was featured in Larry Cohen's *Special Effects*. She changed her name after being told she'd become more famous on advice from her psychic.

ALIEN 4?

Mega-producer Joel (Die Hard) Silver will bring Ridley Sheldon's latest best-seller *The Doomsday Conspiracy* to the big screen next year. This UFO cover-up chiller thriller will mark the first time since *Bloodline* that one of Sheldon's books has risen out of the mini-series ghetto. Another fantasy coming from Silver Pictures is *Moonray* scripted by Keith Williams. Look for comments on his experiences as a Hollywood scriptwriter in a future issue of *Shivers*.

PEAKS FREAKS

Prepare for an emotional *Lynching: Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me* promises heaps of bloody shanks according to early preview reports. For the first time Laura Palmer's death will be shown in all its gruesome detail and further shock scenes include Leland Palmer murdering Teresa Banks and a sex scene between three of the main leads. While David Bowie plays a time-travelling FBI agent, and



Chris Isaak a time-bound Fed, Michael Ontkean's Sheriff Harry Truman returns for only a short stint...

John Savage returns from beyond the grave in Lucio Fulci's *Door To Silence*

ARGENTO NEWS

Lamberto Bava's *The Returners*, which Dario Argento produces, is set in a London school and features five seventeen-year-old students battling evil forces. *Really The Returners* is nothing more than the official *Demons* 3 in disguise. Now you know what the enclosed environment will be this time.

MORE ARGENTO

As for Argento's latest picture *Trauma* now the truth can be told. After showing initial interest Hollywood Goddess Kim Novak

turned Argento down for the lead role. So did James Spader as the New Age artist who murderously comes between her character and her promiscuous daughter. The only confirmed casting in what is essentially *The Bird With The Crystal Plumage* 2 is, unsurprisingly, Argento's own daughter Asia. Written by Gianni (The Seed/The Returners) Romoli, *Trauma* was originally called *Moving Guillotine* and then *Aura's Engine*. Thank God he saw sense in changing that last title. Shooting May in Pittsburgh for an Italian Christmas release, Argento wrote the script entirely at night while staying in New

SERIAL KILLER CLONES

The Silence of the Lambs has a lot to answer for. Look for *Traces of Red* starring James Belushi probing a brutal serial killer. Bruce Robinson's *Jennifer Eight* about a murderer who only kills girls with that name, James Glickenhaus of *Exterminator* infamy strikes again with *Slaughterhouse of the Innocents* 'but this sacrifice better' says the poster blurb. Raw Nerve stars Glenn Ford and sex queen Traci Lords in a story concerning a man who drives who has psychic visions over the identity of the person who killed ten women. David A. Prior directs. There's also Vernon P. Becker's *Zippertape*, Rupert Hodge's *Never Cry Devil* and Rudolph Van Den Berg's *The Johnsons/Xanadu*. Last but not least, the most famous one of them all returns in Peter B. Good's *Fatal Exposure*. Jack the Ripper's great-grandson not only kills prostitutes, but like *Peeping Tom*, he photographs them as they die.

It became obvious to all concerned Jackson was a director of considerable talent and one worth backing.

England because he found the place a hot-bed of puritan sexual repression. Argento made headlines recently in Italy by revealing he was seriously considering giving up directing. In a syndicated interview he said he'd had enough of the producing hassles and the way his movies were treated by uncaring distributors and censor boards around the world. More on this alarming statement in future issues.

EVEN MORE ARGENTO

Want to know what Dario thought of *The Silence of the Lambs*? "I didn't like it. It's not a great film. Unlike the book, we don't understand the psychology of the killer." Jonathan Demme did not, or could not, explain the psychology why the killer killed women, the homosexuality of the murderer. It leaves us with a movie where we assume a madman stalks and kills chubby girls because he can't find a decent off-the-rack suit. A horrible lie to tell when the truth is so readily available: repressed sexuality of any type often leads to violence."

FULCI

Although Shivers Rome correspondent Alberto Farina talked to Joe D'Amato about *Dear To Silence*, the new picture he produced for Lucio Fulci (see next issue), don't expect an interview with the maestro himself. When Alberto called Fulci to ask him a few questions, the director exploded, said he was sick of talking about his work, and wanted paying for any future promotion. "I must eat between making those movies," he whined. Who does he think he is? Joan Collins' further investigation revealed Fulci is publishing his autobiography in Italy this Summer. So perhaps he doesn't want to give too much away in advance.

SIX FLICKS FROM CLIVE BARKER

Clive Barker has just signed a six picture contract with Propaganda Films based on their delight of his executive producer role on Bernard Rose's *Candy Man* adapted from the best-selling novelist's books of blood short story *The Forbidden*. It concerns a mythical hook-handed killer who mostly disembowels and tears apart several people in Chicago's

PUTTING ON THE HORROR BLITZ

The following are currently in pre-production or awaiting release: *Milly*, directed by Terry Jel Gil, has a young boy haunted by his dead mother. *Final Sacrifice* pits a Satanic cult leader against a 15 year-old youth who tries to warn the police about their murderous activities. *Kundun* *Ringmaster's Houseboat Horror* is set at summer camp on Lake Infantry. In *The Ocean* tradition, there's Paul Thomas' *Years of the Beast*. Life after death is the subject matter of *Corridor*. The devil is unleashed in *Raphael Nuremberg's The Unentity*. And George Sluizer is currently filming the Hollywood remake of his critical success *The Vanishing* starring Kiefer Sutherland, Jeff Bridges and Nancy Travis. What a strange experience that must be for him.

Mark Puro's *Nudist Colony of the Dead* sounds fun. After a mass suicide, nudists return to haunt the church group responsible for closing their club. *Dream Stalker* has a model haunted by dreams of her dead 'Hell's Angels' lover who wants her to join him on *The Other Side*. The French are remaking the popular SoCal TV series *Tales of Mystery and Imagination* as a feature film in the *Spirits of the Dead* tradition. *Arnold Desplachin's La Sentinelle* has a shrunken head collector forced to do their evil bidding. Dennis Doherty-Denk's *Milkey* is a child with an evil side. And Larry Fessenden's *The Frankenstein Complex* finds the mad doctor experimenting on a farm community.

It's a spent lives in *S.S. Women* as old Nazis continue to torture women. Fred Olen Ray milks the exotic sister setting for his new slasher *Little Devils*. Here Hochul's *Immortal Sise* is for producer Roger Corman and concerns a cursed castle. There's two *Airplane*-styled horror spoofs on the way, *Headed and Bent*, And *Jay Woelfel's Beyond Dream's Door*, Brian Owen's *Happy Hell Night*, starring Robert (Maniac Cop 2) D'Ono, Albert Pyun's *Nemesis*, and Donald P. Borchers' *Secret Screamers*.

Sequel and you shall find...

Frank Henenlotter's well-reviewed *Basket Case 3: The Progeny* currently playing midnight shows in America. Director Clive Barker continuing Canada's *Carrie*-esque saga in *Prom Night 4: Deliver Us From Evil*. Jack M. Sall giving us *Rewards of the Psychotronic Man* (Donald G. Jackson's *Frightmare II: Meester and Greener*)—Brian Yuzna letting loose his nutty *Bent* (Claws) again for *Silent Night, Bloody Night 5: The Toymaker*. Also watch for Kevin Piner's *Humaneids from the Deep 2: The Next Generation, Pumpkinhead 2 and Warlock II*.

Cabins Green housing project *Virginia Meade* plays the university student whose research compels her to be at the same place as the maniac. The six pictures won't necessarily be all Barker-based mainly because he's hard at work on his own mega-budget sci-fi project *Eden U.S.A.* So perhaps now's the time for all fudging Barker's to inundate their role model with suitable material.

COMING SOON

On various studio's slates to start production are *Ti-star's I Married an Axe Murderer*, *The Enchanted Cottage* and *Isobar*. The latter sci-fi horror, at one time to star Sylvester Stallone, is set in a future where the Earth's oceans have dried up. Ships are redundant and everyone travels via a huge railway network circling the Earth. But an alien hitches a ride in

so. Another haunted house of horror will be with us soon in the shape of *Grave Secrets* when Petty Duke Ash moves into a new house built over an ancient burial ground. The original title was *Black Hope Horror*. Randal shoots the intact horror flicks next.

LOVECRAFT

Let's hope these H.P. Lovecraft inspired movies are better than Dan O'Bannon's *The Reanimated Stuart Reanimator*. Gordon's *Shadow over Innsmouth* where girl meets fish man. Betsy Russell and Vince Van Patten star in *Thorn Keith's The Howler* about four women from Westville Women's College taking a frightening journey into the unknown on *Mystic Mountain*. And *Jean-Paul Cuadras' The Unnamable Returns*, based on Lovecraft's *The Statement of Randolph Carter*, starring John Rhys-Davies, David Warner and Peter Brock.

OBSESSION 2

After the disastrous critical and box-office reception given to *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, Brian De Palma returns to more familiar ground with his new thriller *Raising Cain*. Produced by ex-Mrs. James Cameron, Gale Anne Hurd, and now Mrs. De Palma, the Hollywood Hitchcock reworks his masterpiece *Obsession* with the same star, John Lithgow, in this tale of a child psychologist who kidnaps his own daughter then masterminds a scheme to frame his ex-wife's lover for the dead Lotta Davidovich is his wife and Steven Bauer the ex-lover.

GOING, GOING, GEIN

A book you may find interesting is *'Ed Goin - Psycho'* by Paul Anthony Woods. Published by Amnition Press at #8.95, Woods explores the life and horrendous crimes of the Wisconsin sadist who inspired Robert Bloch to create Norman Bates and write *Psycho*. The second part of Woods' page-turning treatise details all the other movies Gein's bloody exploits influenced from *Three on a Matchbook*, *Deranged* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Illustrated with gruesome pictures from police files, this read is not for the faint-hearted. Alan Jones

BRAIN DEAD -- THE ROTH HAS SET IN

Shivers feature by Alan Jones

Peter Jackson's first horror venture left a Bad Taste

in your mouth. Then the native New Zealander asked you to Meet the Feebles in his second sleaze outing.

Now get ready to feast your eyes on his latest gross-out offering, a zombie comedy

he says lies midway between the two. For if you thought it was all bobby-sox, Elvis, pink Cadillacs and innocence in the Fifties, you didn't live next door to

Lionel, the put-upon star of Peter Jackson's 'Splatstick' nightmare Brain Dead.

Brain Dead receives its world premiere at this year's Cannes Film Festival and is the biggest special effects movie ever produced in Australasia. According to Jackson, "It has more special effects than my previous two movies put together. The last half an hour explodes into a frenzy of blood-soaked effects. It's relentless!" Relentless also describes the effort on Jackson's part to actually get **Brain Dead** in front of the cameras. The cut director explains, "After **Bad Taste** was completed, Stephen Bindar, Francis Walsh and myself wrote this gore-drenched zombie black comedy. But the \$2.5 million budget was difficult to pull together even though the New Zealand Film Commission, who backed **Bad Taste**, agreed to put up half the cost. As we couldn't raise the remainder from private finance, we had to face the dismal reality and cancel it. We were so confident about pulling it off we were literally within a week of hiring a crew and cranking up for pre-production."

With **Brain Dead** put on hold, Jackson turned all his attention to directing the far cheaper

Peter Jackson's zombie comedy is bound to get up your nose!

'Splatter' show **Meet the Feebles** which suddenly became a reality in 1988 thanks to major Japanese investment. Yet the **Brain Dead** postponement proved to be a blessing in disguise as Jackson points out, "The script benefited enormously from the enforced delays and **Meet the Feebles** taught us a lot in terms of proper storytelling. We polished it, introduced new twists, developed the extensive effects, and in retrospect I'm incredibly grateful that what happened, happened". And when filming eventually started on September 3rd, 1991, at the Avalon Studios in Wellington, "It was the ninth draft screenplay we used", he says. "It will come as something of a relief to get it finished after all these years!"

The budget for **Brain Dead** was finally raised from three main sources, the New Zealand Film Commission, Japan Cinema Associates and Avalon Studios themselves. With **Meet the Feebles** attracting great reviews and Festival awards, it became obvious to all concerned Jackson was a director of considerable talent and one

worth backing. The fact Jackson showed no sign of ever giving up on the project, coupled with his dogged persistence, was probably another factor too.

Set in 1957, the zbt-laden romance stars Tim Stalme, a popular comedian on New Zealand television thanks to the show 'Away Laughing'. He's Lionel, a young man whose domineering mother, veteran stage actress Elizabeth Moody, is bitten on the arm by a Hebea red-monkey when she suspiciously follows him on a date to the zoo. This minor accident has catastrophic effects when she gradually turns into a blood-lusting, flesh-eating zombie. Spanish actress Dena Pena plays Lionel's girlfriend Paquita, who sends his mother into screaming jealous rages, and Ian Watson is sleazy Uncle Lee who seizes his chance to grab their house but grabs more than he bargained for.

Brain Dead also stars Mummy Keane as Screech the Zombie and Stuart Devine plays a nononsense priest whose search for Everlasting Life ends in Lionel's cellar. Brenda Kendall is

It became obvious to all concerned Jackson was a director of considerable talent and one worth backing



the man who attends to Mum's infected wonga until Mum decides to attend to her. And then there's Selynn, a baby... well, sort of. Jackson says, "It's a homely tale where the main questions on Lionel's crazed mind are 'Will Mum's face stay on during the dinner party?' Will she eat the president of the Wellington Ladies Welfare League?' and 'Will her strange disease spread up the street to the corner shop?'"

Jackson continues, "All the characters and the screenplay are much stronger than *Bad Taste*, but the sense of humour is the same - good-natured rather than cynical like *Meet the Feebles*". However where *Brain Dead* differs from its predecessors is in being "an out-and-out horror", he adds. "Bad Taste was a total romp. It was never meant to be scary whereas this one is. But it's mixed with comedy in the *Reanimator* and *Evil Dead* vein". Why Jackson used his favourite New Zealand actors doesn't need explaining. What does is the odd choice of Daryl Panchier. "When a Spanish producer showed interest in *Brain Dead* at Cannes, we rewrote it to accommodate a co-production angle. When the deal fell through, we retained the European component because it gave the screenplay an unusual gypsy mystique".

Avalon Studios is home to New Zealand's top TV game shows "Wheel of Fortune" and "Sale of the Century". It's where Vincent Ward shot *The Navigator* last year. Jackson directed most of the outrageous splatter on show in *Brain Dead*. He laughs. "The scene we're shooting today is where Mother has just gorged herself on the family dog, Gemma, and we're dressing the bedroom set with what looks like scraps of dog flesh, innards and lots of blood. Don't tell anyone but we've actually borrowed the steak for tomorrow's crew dinner which we'll have to return to the coops!" That joke is aimed at the cast and meant to make them suitably queasy in readiness for the upcoming bloodbath. Jackson then reveals in hushed tones, "Actually it's a mix of chicken livers, custard, soap and a thick blood solution made from mixing maple syrup and food colouring". The nine-



Elizabeth Moody's got a cheek!

Sydney-based Bob McCann is supervising all the highly-sophisticated prosthetic zombie designs and construction. His prior work includes *Mad Max 2*, *Razorback*, *Howling III: The Marsupials*, *Salute of the Jugger* & *Dead Calm*.

man special effects crew responsible for the beastly formula is being supervised by Richard Taylor, the man behind *Meet the Feebles*. Jackson adds seriously, "Brain Dead was such a formidable task for Taylor he had to draw up a 'bible' containing 800 storyboards to keep everything under control".

Sydney-based Bob McCann is supervising all the highly-sophisticated prosthetic zombie designs and construction. His prior work includes *Mad Max 2*, *Razorback*, *Howling III: The*

Marsupials, *Salute of the Jugger* and *Dead Calm*. Jackson remarks, "Bob's made about sixty male and female zombies, which include cast and sculpted, plus four baby Selynn zombies made out of foam latex which is as much like human flesh as you can possibly get. In addition to the body parts, Bob's made an unusual selection of props, a fully operational giant food blender, an embalming machine and a Fifties motored lawn mower that spouts out masses of blood".

Brain Dead features

numerous animatronic puppet effects too which Jackson notes, "Are the work of Ramon Aguilar, the *Meet the Feebles* puppet master. It made sense to apply all the experience we gained on that film to this one". Because the whole of Lionel's house was a set constructed at Avalon Studios, a local scaffolding contractor was brought in to build a huge structure that could carry the weight of an entire three-storey building so the puppets could be accommodated in a trench underneath it.

With *Brain Dead*'s instant cult success now firmly assured, Jackson says he never set out to become that sort of director. "The whole cult thing is a label others have given me. I've never sat through *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* event I just make what I enjoy watching myself, influenced by nine years sitting glued to *Monty Python's Flying Circus*". And with *Brain Dead* nearly completed, he's already planning his next movie. "It's titled *Blubberhead* and is co-written by Danny Mulheron who co-scripted *Meet the Feebles*. My two major movie loves are James Bond and Ray Harryhausen's stop-motion animation work. Both influences will be included in what I can only call at this stage an epic fantasy".



Another armless picture from *Brain Dead*

DAVID CRONENBERG invites you to lunch

Shivers interview by Mark Kermode

Long before deciding to become a film-maker, David Cronenberg harboured dark dreams of a career as a novelist.

Throughout his formative years the spectres of two notoriously

controversial authors haunted

Cronenberg - Vladimir Nabokov, (author of 'Lolita', a novel of

underage lust later adapted for the screen by Stanley Kubrick), and beat

generation guru William S. Burroughs.

Now, Cronenberg has returned to his origins to pay tribute to Burroughs and the extraordinary influence which he has exerted upon the director's unique and terrifying body of work. Using as his starting point the shocking and disjointed form of 'Naked Lunch', a rambling catalogue of postcards from the edge of sanity, Cronenberg has conjured a film which melds biographical detail with outlandish surrealism as it muses upon the dangerous past-time of writing the future.

"I never started out intending to let writing be a major theme in my script", confesses Cronenberg in a lilting Canadian drawl. "It was as much a surprise to me as to the people who come to see the movie I had no idea what would happen when I started to write the screenplay because Burroughs' book, which is very fragmented and multi-layered, is really not translatable to film. And in a way that

Gee, the Mugwump Jim tester real good!

impossibility was liberating because what I was forced to write was a meditation on Burroughs in general, and 'Naked Lunch' in particular. So I found myself drifting back from the page to include the writing machine, and then further back to include the writer in the process of writing".

As a result of this 'drift' away from the page back towards the figure of the writer, Cronenberg's *Naked Lunch* seems on one level to function as a biography of Burroughs, a portrait of the artist as a young, drug-addled man, giving birth to the seminal soothsaying tome which changed the face of modern literature. Centering upon the tribulations of William Lee, a fictional character inspired by Burroughs' larger-than-life persona, the film teads a thin line between true-life reminiscences and hallucinatory imaginings. "Actually, I really

was under no compunction to follow Burroughs' life with any accuracy", Cronenberg clarifies. "Nor did Burroughs expect me to do so. In fact he didn't do it either. William Lee is not Bill Burroughs, Lee is Burroughs' persona, which is a quite different thing. Even though there is some sort of biographical material about Burroughs and his times in my movie, there really isn't anything that I would call biography. There is no attempt nor desire to be accurate. I talked to Burroughs about some very specific things - for example, Burroughs shot his wife, and I wanted my character to shoot his wife, and I wanted Burroughs to say that was OK, which he did. But I'm not suggesting that the circumstances of that act as depicted in my movie were the realities of the act in terms of Burroughs' life".

Happily abandoning resto-

Burroughs' book, which is very fragmented and multi-layered, is really not translatable to film.



tions of realism much the same way that Burroughs' himself waved goodbye to 'national thought' and behaviour. Cronenberg evokes a world of nightmarish disillusion, ably aided and abetted by special effects wunderkind Jim Isaac. One moment, William Lee's typewriter is turning into a giant insect which demands to be fed with words, the next he is beset by drug-dealing Mugwumps, bugs animated nocturna, and miasma, supporting exurbia. Yet for all its visual weirdness, Cronenberg's movie remains underpinned by a strangely linear narrative, something which is entirely absent from the Burroughs' source material. Wasn't Cronenberg ever tempted to experiment with the radical montage of cut-up techniques which Burroughs pioneered in writing in the 1960s, and which the author believes are particularly suitable for the cinema medium?

"Well, let's remember that 'Naked Lunch' actually precedes Burroughs' discovery of cut-ups", retorts Cronenberg sharply. "So I don't think that's even slightly relevant here. Also, I was really making my movie, and I like narrative as a device. I don't mean the way that Hollywood uses narrative to drive a movie at the expense of everything else, but narrative can be a wonderful element which can twist and turn back on itself and so on. In 'Naked Lunch', Burroughs was not interested in the narrative form. There is no narrative in the book; there are no characters or recognisable human beings who have evolved and have a history and a future. I wanted all of those things in the movie."

He adds, "It is true that that makes the movie quite different from the book. But it was understood by me, (because I had no choice), and by Burroughs, (because he's smart), that this movie was going to be a creature on its own, and it would be a kind of fusion of Burroughs and me. It was as if I'd gotten into *The Fly* teleported together and come out of another telepod as some creature which would not have existed separately. This movie is not something that Burroughs would have done, and it's also something that I would never have done - we did it together. And that it should be



Peter Weller in contemplative mood on the surreal interior set

It was as if we'd gotten into *The Fly* teleported together and come out of another telepod as some creature which would not have existed separately...

different from my other films and from what Burroughs writes is only appropriate".

Although viewed by many as something of an outlier, Cronenberg has often used the work of others as a starting point for his films, neither *The Fly* nor *Dead Ringers* were Cronenberg's original conceptions, but both were made his own by the power of his unique vision. Only *The Dead Zone*, a Dino De Laurentiis/Stephen King adapta-

tion on which Cronenberg worked as a gun for hire, stands out as uncharacteristically impersonal, and strangely un-Cronenbergian. As a director who has built up such a strong personal mythology throughout the canon of his work, how did he feel about mixing his own genes with those of a literary legend such as Burroughs?

"Two things here, firstly when I'm making films I'm never aware of how they will be per-

ceived in the canon of my work. I am really just trying to create the thing itself as a new being. It's like having a baby. Secondly, Burroughs has always been a major influence on my writing. There was an incredible recognition when I started to read Burroughs, like 'My God! This is in me too!' So that interlocking imagery is pretty natural with me and Burroughs. The problems were with things that were not natural or interlocking, and those were things I discussed with Burroughs. For example, I'm not gay and consequently I didn't know what the sexual sensibility of the film would be compared to the book. Also, Burroughs believes very strongly in a kind of Egyptian version of an abomination; I absolutely do not. There are major differences that affect the shape of our work. But where the similarities exist there is a fairly natural and easy interlocking."

He continues, "I think Burroughs and I are very interested in metamorphosis, in transformation, and that naturally leads us both to attempt to have some understanding of the nature of



Left: Chris Wales' sex insect effects

disease and the relationship of the human condition to disease. You could say that the drugs in Burroughs' writing, and the viruses in my films, are used metaphorically in the same way. They are both something that is potentially dangerous but also attractive, a very powerful agent of transformation. In a way, you give up your soul to either one of them, but in return you get another soul that may or may not be the soul that you're looking for... we're not sure."

And how did Burroughs himself react to Cronenberg's peculiarly frosty and monstrous portrayal of his writing? "Well, Burroughs hasn't been on too many film sets", laughs Cronenberg. "And I don't think he's very dramatically literate. So he was just like a kid in a candy shop on set, taking delight in everything. I don't think he sees a lot of movies, but he loved what he saw in *Naked Lunch*. He loved my version of the Mugwump, and he loved the insect



Cronenberg, Burroughs and Weller have a creative threesome

typewriters, which were my invention. He told me, 'This is wonderful', my writer could relate to this', and he wanted to

take it home with him! Actually, we ended up giving him a Mugwump which he now has locked up in bondage in his bedroom!"



FACTFILE: THE COMPLETE CRONENBERG

Born May 15, 1943, Toronto.

FILM

TRANSFER (1966): director/screenwriter/director of photography/editor/producer. (7 mins. 35mm.)

FROM THE CRAIN (1967): director/screenwriter. (14 mins. 16mm.)

STEREO (1969): director/screenwriter. (65 mins. 35mm.)

CRIMES OF THE FUTURE (1970): director/screenwriter. (85 mins. 35mm.)

SHIVERS/THE PARASITE MURDERS/THEY CAME FROM WITHIN (1974): d. (87 mins. 35mm.)

RABID (1977): d. (91 mins. 35mm.)

FAST COMPANY (1978): director. (91 mins. 35mm.)

THE BLOOD (1979): d. (91 mins. 35mm.)

SCANNERS (1981): d. (103 mins. 35mm.)

VIDEODROME (1982): d. (89 mins. 35mm.)

THE DEAD ZONE (1983): d. (103 mins. 35mm.)

INTO THE NIGHT (1985): Cronenberg makes a cameo appearance in John Landis' romantic adventure. (116 mins.)

THE FLY (1986): d/c-sc. (95 mins. 35mm.) Cronenberg comes as a gynaecologist.

DEAD FINGERS (1988): d/c-sc. (115 mins. 35mm.)

NIGHTBREED (1989): Cronenberg stars as Dr. Decker in Clive Barker's horror fantasy. (102 mins.)



NAKED LUNCH (1991): d. (115 mins. 35mm.)

Cronenberg also receives 'character creation' credits on **THE FLY 2**, (d. Chris Weitz, 1989, 104 mins.), **SCANNERS II: THE NEW ORDER**, (d. Christopher Dugay, 1990, 109 mins.) and **SCANNERS III: THE TAKEOVER**, (d. Dugay, 1992, 101 mins.). Future projects include **M. BUTTERFLY** and **CRASH**.

TELEVISION

Films for Canadian TV: **DISCO. JIM RITCHIE SCULPTOR**, **LETTER FROM MICHAELANGELO**, **TOURETTES** (1971), **CON VALLEY, FORT NEW YORK, LAKESHORE**, **WINTER GARDEN, SCARBOROUGH BLUFFS, IN THE CIRT**, (1972), (all 5/6 mins.)

SECRET WEAPONS (1977): d/p. Described by Cronenberg as "My suppressed film". An Emergent Films production for the Canadian Broadcasting Corp., (CBC), show **Programme X**, (27 mins. 16mm.)

Left: *Naked Lunch*
Judy in disguise with hashish

THE VICTIM (1973): d. for CBC's 'Peep Show'. (27 mins. 2" VTR)

THE LIE CHAIR (1975): d. for CBC's 'Peep Show'. (27 mins. 2" VTR)

THE ITALIAN MACHINE (1976): d. for CBC's 'Teleplay'. (25 mins. 16mm.)

FAITH HEALER (1988): d. for Paramount's TV series 'Friday the 13th'. (47 mins.)

HYDRO (1989): d. 4 x 30 sec. commercials for Ontario Hydro, m: energy conservation.

CARAMILK (1990): d. 2 x 30 sec. commercials for William Neilson Ltd. to advertise Cadbury's Caramilk.

NIKE (1990): d. 1 x 151 x 30 sec. commercials for Nike International's Nike Air 180 sneakers.

REGINA VS. HORVATH (1990): d. for CBC's 'Scales of Justice'. (48 mins. Between)

REGINA VS. LOGAN (1990): d. for CBC's 'Scales of Justice'. (44 mins. Between)

ZOMBIES ON STAGE

Shivers feature by David McGillivray

Justin Tanner and Andy Daley's frenetic horror comedy was obviously inspired by *Night of the Living Dead*. A group of old friends gather at Aunt Eva's country cottage for a reunion I can't remember. The only outsider, somebody's new girlfriend, is a witch whose successful spell to revivify a dead cat accidentally has the same effect on the contents of the local graveyard. Carnage ensues.

Each night American audiences fall about at drug culture and heavy relationship jokes that wouldn't raise a titter in Britain. But the play is also spooky atmospheroic and regularly produces screams. Tanner and Daley have drilled

Below: The manic on stage mayhem. Right: Poster from the Los Angeles production

their dedicated, hard working cast to the nth. degree, and the piacs, fuelled by lots of overlapping dialogue, builds to brilliantly choreographed mayhem as the zombies burst into the house. The undead are played by whoever happens to be available each night. The resulting spontaneity creates a real frisson making this a memorable chiller.

Zombies have also been on the loose at the even tamer La Horne Creper cafe-theatre in South London. Here Paul Prescott's 'Revenge Of The Atomic Zombies Things From Hell' is also a movie rip-off, this

time Plan 9 From Outer Space, (and other Cold War sci-fi) Un-known to most of London. Prescott has been churning out movie pastiches like this for years. I've also seen his stage version of a slasher movie. His trademarks are unbelievably resourceful sets built on a bathroom size stage for about £250, and elaborate music and effects tracks. Sometimes his shock effects raise goosebumps. But unlike the L.A. boys, Prescott doesn't know when to stop, and 90 minutes without an interval in his back-room sweatbox can become unbearable.

Justin Tanner and Andy Daley's frenetic horror comedy was obviously inspired by *Night of the Living Dead*.

Currently there's no production of 'The Rocky Horror Show' in Los Angeles, and the field is wide open for a new late-night stage show to grab cult status. Prime contender is 'Zombie Attack!' which has been running at the tiny Cast theatre in Hollywood for nearly three years now. With skilful public relations, the play could easily succeed at a much larger venue and then internationally. It's tailor-made for such jamborees as the Edinburgh Festival fringe.



EXCITE ME

The Shock Horror Cinema of Sergio Martino

Shivers retrospective by Mark Ashworth

Part One: Satanists, Scorpions and Seething Signoras

Juliet: "Another
girl slashed to
death..."

Carol: "We should
be grateful - he's
eliminating all our
competition!"

(Dialogue
between Edwige
Fenech and
Cristina Airoldi
from **Lo Strano**
Vizio Della
Signora
Wardh/Next!)

Although only a relatively small proportion of Sergio Martino's back catalogue, (encompassing some fifty features, running the gamut of Italian popular genres from saucy comedies to syrupy bau-jerkers), falls into the 'horror' category, he nevertheless deserves a special place in the affections of every serious *Pasta Paura* connoisseur. His salacious series of early Seventies psycho-thrillers, and his lively adventure/humor cross-overs of a few years later, display both an assured approach to pulp storytelling and a lascivious visual style which tickles papers over any cracks that may appear in the brak, 'Yumett'-like plots.

Unfortunately, one of the drawbacks of operating at the unashamedly commercial end of Italian cinema is that unprejudiced critical appraisal

The climactic bottle murder in
The Case of the Scorpion's Tail

does not regularly come your way. There is an unfair tendency - even at fan level - to simply lump Martino in with such directors as Umberto Lenzi, (a frequent Dennis Film stablemate), Giuliano Cammene and Franco Martinelli. All have produced work in a similar vein to Martino's but, with the notable exception of Cammene's

Perche' Quelle Strane Gocce Di Sangue Sul Corpo Di Jennifer?/Erotic Blue (1972), have rarely achieved such engaging results. Phil Hardy's 'The Auro Film Encyclopedia, Volume 3: Horror', one of the most sympathetic English-language review sources for continental genre product, can only bring it

to make grudging concessions towards Martino's abilities when using *La Montagna Del Dio Cannibale*?/Prisoner of the Cannibal God (1978), as a yardstick by which to damn Ruggero Deodato's Ultimo Mondo Cannibale/Cannibal (1978). Elsewhere, the entries discussing Martino's pictures are particularly dismissive.

In the case of Il Tuo Vizio E Una Stanza Chiusa E Solo Io Nie Ho La Chiave/Excite Me (1972), insult is added to injury by the inclusion of several factual errors, making it doubtful whether the reviewer has actually seen the film. Obviously sensationalist murder mysteries, like *I Corpi Presentano Tracce*

Unfortunately, one of the drawbacks of operating at the unashamedly commercial end of Italian cinema is that unprejudiced critical appraisal does not regularly come your way



Di Violenza Carnale/Torso (1973), are a world apart from the subtly shaded nuances of such universally revered Italian classics as Freda's L'Orribile Segreto Del Dr. Hitchcock/The Terror of Doctor Hitchcock (1962) or Bava's Operazione Paura/Kill, Baby, Kill (1966). However, they do possess a peculiar atmosphere and a compulsive vitality totally their own. So ease on those black leather gloves, pull the mask down over your face, and take a guided tour through the fabolous gialli of a criminally underrated talent.

Born in Rome, 1938, Sergio Martino began his movie career in 1963, working as an assistant to a clutch of respected names including Mario Bava, Nando Bolognesi and Bruno Gondi. After graduating to the post of production manager and various script-writing assignments, he finally got the chance to direct *Mille Peccati... Nessuno*, *Virtù/Wages of Sin* (1968). Coming at the tail end of the *Mondo* cycle, this *hàndorf*-style documentary - complete with ludicrous English commentary by Edmund Purdom - was released in Britain under the catch-penny title *Mondo Sex*. Martino next tried his hand at a western with *Arizona Si Scatenano... E Li Fece Fuori Tutti/Arizona* (1970), but returned to the *Mondo* format with *America... Così Nuda, Così Violenta/Naked and Violent* (1970), again produced by his brother Luciano's Devon Film company.

By the time, Dario Argento's *The Bird With The Crystal Plumage* (1969) had made its presence felt at the box-office, Luciano Martino had already secured a foothold in horror history as co-writer of Bava's extraordinary *La Frusta E Il Corpo/Night is the Phantom* (1963) and Elio Scardamaglia's *La Lama Nel Corpo/The Murder Cline* (1966). Now, with his brother at the directional controls, he followed his commercial instincts in the terror-filled *shuma*. Interestingly enough, the real antecedent of their last collaborative giallo does not appear to be Argento's picture, more Romolo Guerrieri's convoluted *Carol Baker* stoner *Il Dolce Corpo Di Deborah/The Sweet Body of Deborah* which Luciano had co-produced, with



By this time, Dario Argento's *The Bird With The Crystal Plumage* (1969) had made its presence felt at the box-office.

Mino Loy, the year before *Cristal Plumage* went into production.

Lensed in 1970, *Lo Strano Vizio Della Signora Ward - The Strange Vice of Mrs. Ward* [sic] the contours of *The Sweet Body of Deborah* with the sweet, sticky blood of the slasher movie proper. This torpede tale of a diploma's wife, (Edwige Fenech), with a secret blood fetish driving her into carnal frenzy wrote large the direction Martino would take with his chain of cheeky chillers. Utilising a host of audience double-crossing tricks - Ivan Rassouf taking his own swuds - and a gruesome sub-plot

featuring a sadistic razor-killer, screenwriters Eduardo M. Brochero and Ernesto Gastaldi fashioned a typically episodic script allowing Martino ample opportunity to play to the gallery.

Very appropriately for a film which begins by quoting Sigmund Freud, Mrs. Ward comes a strong undercurrent of sexual mimesis which forcefully comes to the surface during Fenech's violently erotic dream sequences. Along with a crisply suspenseful segment - Fenech and her husband, (Alberto de Mendoza), explore Rassouf's animal-filled house - these interludes represent the picture at its most effective. One wonderful

Edwige Fenech has a nightmare in *They're Coming To Get You*

moment has a slow-motion shower of broken glass, (beautifully photographed by Emilio Forosot), cascade sensuously over the heroine's prone body. This atmosphere of sinful indulgence is enhanced perfectly by Nino Orlando's haunting score, Orlando, a vocal contributor on many Biondo Cognani composed soundtracks, deploys motifs reminiscent of Spaghetti Westerns, heavy with shimmering organs and eerily distorted voices. As if taking cue, Martino extends the *Cimetta* Cowboy theme into the visual fabric when veteran sudsie-sop star George Hilton confronts Rassouf in the and Spanish countryside.

One of the most fascinating aspects of *Mrs. Ward* is the function of the mimesical slasher. Superficially he seems to be a red herring. Hilton wants rid of his heiress cousin, (Cristina Arnoldi), and is prepared to take advantage of the psychopath's reign of terror. However, he's also considerably important to the smatter subplot. His murderous attacks on a selection of pretty blondes are all contained in the first two thirds - precisely the sections where the Freudian underpinnings are most powerful. In the same way Argento briefly allowed Diana Nicolodi's



Janine Reynaud - a victim in *The case of the Scorpion's Tail*

character to come under suspicion in *Deep Red* (1975), Fenech is implicated as Arnold's killer when Rossenov reveals her prominent predictions to the police. Significantly, when the man谋 meets his demise at the hands of a potential victim, the piece shifts gear moving into more conventional thriller territory as the action transfers from Vienna to Spain. Once more the slasher reverts to red-herring status as we discover that de Mendaza, who is in league with Hilton, actually strangled Arnold using copycat methods.

With the heroine seemingly a descendant of Dahlia Lavia's sado-masochistic *Neverika* from *Night is the Phantom*, Mrs. Ward is my favourite Martino shocker. His undeniably zesty approach, together with the furtively deviant aura which seeps off the screen, makes this an irresistibly entertaining gem. Sadly never released in Britain, it was tailored to suit the American market by Fims Noveck under the title *Next!* Due to a mistake made at the time it first appeared, the direction is sometimes erroneously credited to Luciano Martino.

Like its predecessor, Martino's next giallo venture was an Italian/Spanish co-production between Devon Film and Madrid's Coperones. Al-



though more straightforward than *Next!* thematically, *La Coda dello Scorpione/The Case of the Scorpion's Tail* (1971) is no less grisly, featuring several strikingly shot, lively murders. Uruguayan heart throb George Hilton took the lead again, but this time his glamorous co-star was Swedish ice-queen Anita Strindberg. Boasting attractive Greek locations, the unspectacular plot of this glossy mystery revolves around a million dollar insurance

deal and the bloody exertions of English insurance investigator Peter Lynch, (Hilton), willing to eliminate anyone who comes between him and the money.

Deprived of the perverse central impulse of *Mrs. Ward*, Martino sensibly exploits the bare story mechanics to create some eye-catching effects. The suspense highlight, stunningly captured by Emilio Forosof's sumptuous Technochrome photography, is Jesus Franco starlet Janine Reynaud's death

during a thunderstorm. Gross-cutting between shots of a front door lock, and her running towards it in slow-motion, Martino expertly succeeds in setting the nerves on edge, ending on a note of Grand Guignol with the terrified woman being chased around her apartment. Trapped against a window, she dies smearing her blood across the rain-spattered glass after the rubber-suited assassin slit her throat with a switchblade. Martino also provides a joltingly gay climax when Hilton bumps off his villainous accomplice as an up-tempo *Sousa*-style march blares from the TV; the two men begin a vicious fight culminating in Hilton ramming a broken bottle into his victim's eye before piercing him through the heart.

The 'Scorpion' of the title is actually a cuff-link, providing the police with a vital clue to the puzzle. But this etymological reference could also be perceived as the key to the movie's stylistic thread. Martino has described his *Bevilles* as being "A little bit like Hitchcock", but of all his films, this one bears closest comparison to the work of Argento - the Italian Hitchcock. The subjective camera creeping up the steps to Reynaud's house, the gleaming knife blade punching a hole in her door, the bizarrely angled shots, and loving close-ups of the murderer's black leather gloves, all carry an Argento-esque flavour. As if to underline the point, Bruno Nicolai's excellent score even borrows the characteristically strangled 'thump' sound effect from both *The Crystal Plumage* and *The Cat O' Nine Tails* soundtracks.

Certain moments also betray Martino's admiration for Mario Bava. The foreground placement of decorative ironwork and a brief scene where Hilton and Evelyn Stewart, (aka Ida Galli), take refuge in an old theatre's cluttered prop room adds a pleasingly baroque touch. Although the presence of a scantly-clad Strindberg doesn't really compensate for the absence of curvaceous Fenech, Martino's second chiller is still a highly watchable effort. Extra pleasure is afforded by the bald appearance of another Franco acolyte, Luis Barbo, who meets a sticky end when his hands are slashed while hanging from Reynaud's roof.

Deprived of the perverse central impulse of *Mrs. Ward*, Martino sensibly exploits the bare story mechanics to create some eye-catching effects.

The Case of the Scorpion's Tail; Above: Anita Strindberg falls under the knife, Below: George Hilton is attacked.



Following Bava's example, Martino's subsequent project placed heavy emphasis on the supernatural and gothic elements of its busy 'damned in darkness' plot. Set in London, *Tutti i Colori Del Buio/All the Colours of Darkness* (1972), documents the terror campaign Susan Scott, (aka Nieves Navarro), wages on her neurotic younger sister, (Edwige Fenech) - an insidious play on the traumatic memories of their mother's murder and the employment of various deceptions to pose as members of a crazed Satanic sect. The twist ending introduces a genuinely paternal aspect as the cold chill of fear awakens Fenech's dormant psychic capabilities. Rising manfully to the challenge, Martino responds to this revision with an energetic arsenal of stylized effects - zip parings, shock cuts and, my favourite, thrashing zooms. The deliriously surreal opening montage - a hideous old hag moving like a clockwork doll, another with a grotesquely swollen stomach, a dagger plunging into a screaming woman's body, and a rapid track, (in negatives) down a country lane - is also memorably disturbing as any-

JOAN...she was a
little bit on
the wild side.
The wildest thing
of all was yet
to happen.
Overnight she was
ONE OF THEM!



THEY'RE COMING
TO GET
YOU

13th MARCH 1981
INTERNATIONAL
TELEVISION



The forbidding mansion used as the Satanists' haunt was also the setting for Hammer's *Demons of the Mind* (1971) and featured prominently on the cover of Toyah's 'The Blue Meaning' album.

thing dreamed up by David Lynch.

Similarly, the black magic orgies staged to frighten Fenech are a nightmarish delight with leering faces pressing into the camera lens and Eugenio Alba's mannered editing creating maximum disorientation. The less hyperbolic passages, particularly the domestic scenes between Fenech and her live-in lover, (George Hilton again), have a tautly claustrophobic quality. This, coupled with the allusion to a mise-en-scène, Fenech's character has suffered as a result of a car crash, adds a sickly sense of masterful unease to the proceedings - a bleakness echoed by the Autumnal English locations, moodily photographed by Giacomo Fiamingo who shares a credit with Miguel F. Mira.

Incidentally, the forbidding mansion used as the Satanists' haunt was also the setting for Hammer's *Demons of the Mind* (1971) and featured prominently on the cover of Toyah's 'The Blue Meaning' album. Blessed with one of Bruno Nicolai's best ever scores - a macabre symphony laced with doom-laden stings, hypnotic chants and paroxysm strings - the sensitive

main theme later appeared on the soundtrack of the tatty Dick Rendall produced Anna Ekberg vehicle *Casa D'Appuntamento/Bogeymen and the French Murders* (1972).

The most pleasing facet of the movie is Fenech's excellent performance as the insecure heroine. Of Maltese descent, she began her acting career as mere decoration in broad West German sex farces like Josef Zacher's *Allie Katchen Naschen Gem/The Blonde and the Black Pusycat* (1967). She gravitated more towards Italian productions after working on Guido Malato's *Il Figlio Di Aquila Nero/Son of the Black Eagle* and Ottavio Alessi's *Sensation/Top Sensation* (both 1968). Ironically, as the Sevenies progressed, she almost abandoned ideas of stardom to devote time to raising her son, Edwin. Thankfully her supportive parents persuaded her otherwise and she resumed her cinematic activities. After *Mrs. Ward*, Fenech became romantically linked with Luciano Martino, the reason she was regularly cast in his productions. Fenech's finest hour was in Martino's *Cometti Alla Crema/Custard Croissants*

Above: The Satanic orgy in *They're Coming To Get You*
Below: The American Teaser advert

(1981), starring Lino Banfi, Gianfranco Cova and Milena Vukotic, a brilliantly funny crazy-comedy outclassing anything Hollywood has produced in the past decade. Recently, Fenech has concentrated on light entertainment, presenting popular Italian TV shows like 'Domenica In'. She produced and starred in the mini-series 'Surviving at the Top' and will do the same in Martino's *Dekiti Provati*.

Another Italian/Spanish co-production between Leo Film, National Cinematografica and C.G. Astro, *All the Colours of the Darkness* remains unseen in Britain. In America a trimmed version was circulated by Sam Sherman's independent International company, with a new credit sequence designed by Bob Lo Bar. Promoted as being filmed in 'Chill-o-rama', (wide-screen to you), it played under the title *They're Coming To Get You* but has surfaced there as *Demons of the Dead* on TV. Sergio Martino's next giallo would again borrow traditional horror motifs as his writers turned their attention towards Edgar Allan Poe. This time his work would be seen in Britain but not necessarily in the way it was intended...

Next issue, Mark Ashworth continues his lesser thesis in Part 2: *Huckaw Killers* and *Half-Neck Tops*.

PINHEAD UNBOUND

Shivers interview by Alan Jones

Pinhead is back!
The Black Prince
of Hell from Clive
Barker's
box-office smash
Hellraiser and the
hit sequel

Hellbound:
Hellraiser II is
reborn in blood
and desire from
his marble pillar
prison to walk the
earth again in
search of more
human souls to
condemn to a
living nightmare.

Doug Bradley returns as the Cenobite you love to hate in *Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth* to cause more demonic havoc in the \$5 million continuation of the best-selling novelist's popular myth directed by Anthony (Waxwork) Hickox.

Alongside five new hand-made pseudo-Cenobites, Pinhead battles the forces of good, and his human alter-ego Elliott Spencer, (the soldier from *Hellbound*), to regain the Lament Configuration puzzle box from a TV newswoman that could hurl him back through the pleasure and pain dimensions forever.

Doug Bradley was born on September 7th 1954 in Liverpool. In the mid-1970s he teamed up with a number of schoolfriends to create an experimental theatre group called The Dog Company which toured Europe with the original plays 'Frankenstein in Love' and 'The History of the Devil'. The latter production found Bradley cast in a prophetic role as Satan, a part

one of his Dog Company colleagues would remember for future relevance. For when his close friend Barker was planning *Hellraiser*, he wrote the 'Lead Cenobite' role with Bradley in mind. That was Bradley's sole credit on *Hellraiser* but audiences warmed to his character as the spokesperson for a quartet of transmuted creatures and gone fans dubbed him 'Pinhead'. *Hellraiser III* will mark the first time Bradley is actually called that name on screen - by a terrified Terry Farrell playing his nemesis.

Pinhead's ever-growing popularity staggers both Barker and Bradley. He's a sex-symbol in Japan, a favourite convention speaker in America, and Pinhead's starting image now

"I've gotten used to being a cult figure now but all the attention came as a big surprise initially."



graces worldwide merchandise from T-shirts and comic books to model kits and jigsaw puzzles. Further proof of Pinhead's cult status was shown when Hickox hired an entire *Hellraiser III* cast sequence on location in High Point, North Carolina. The local community turned out in force, staying well after midnight, just to catch a glimpse of the superstar Cenobite going about his explosive duties. And when Pinhead walked down South Elm Street, the irony wasn't lost on any observer.

Bradley remarked, "I've gotten used to being a cult figure now but all the attention came as a big surprise initially. When we made *Hellraiser* there wasn't an inkling in anyone's head, least of all mine, that this phenomenon was about to happen. It wasn't until after *Hellbound* I realised exactly what was occurring". But fan worship is something he can understand. "Because I was a huge fan of horror movies before I wanted to be an actor. So I can put myself very easily into the minds of the people who've taken the character to their hearts. I know where they're coming from and I'd probably be besieged by Pinhead myself if it wasn't me playing him and I was still 15 years-old!"

However one thing Bradley will not do is play fast and loose with Pinhead's image. "I'll take the time to sign autographs and answer any fan mail but I do ponder each personal appearance request. It may sound pompous but, as an actor, I do care very strongly towards the character. My direct power over Pinhead is somewhat limited but I do try to retain his integrity". Bradley feels that way because he never wants to let Barker's original vision down as he explained. "One of the first qualities that attracted me about the character in Clive's first script was here was this, in heavy quotes, 'Monster, end

Left: Pinhead emerges from the 'Killer Pillar'



quidna, that was prepared to stop and talk to you with gravity. He wasn't simply a silent axe-wielding Jason done who stood at the end of dark alleys. Pinhead is highly articulate and there's this sense of an intelligent mind at work combined with a not-so-dark ironic sense of humour".

Those key elements were an important part of Peter Atkins' Hellraiser III script and the reason why Bradley was very keen and delighted to tackle the role again. He enthused, "Hell on Earth takes Pinhead and his characteristics even further than Peter did in Hellbound. And it's Elliott Spenser's story too. It wasn't just going to be a typical Dresicle sequel: O.K., he died at the end last time, so let's get him back to life in a quick pre-credits sequence and get on with it. The whole Hellraiser III plot is driven by Pinhead's narration and, in particular, resolving the conflict established at Hellbound's climax where he'd split into two - one part Cenobite, the other part Elliott. There's that back story and a great deal more excitement besides which run a parallel and finally meet at the end".

Yet playing two different

As for the make-up chores Bradley sighed, "It remains a drag and always will be however much a part of the job it has become."

characters in the same movie has been a strange experience Bradley admitted. "While the Pinhead make-up obviously makes it easy to distinguish between the two performances, it's been weird playing them side by side. The other night I looked off with Elliott in army fatigues, then at 2 a.m. got made up as Pinhead. I walked on set and there was the stand-in I had to act against, weeping full Pinhead rig, the only other person apart from me ever

to be seen that way. Image Animation's Geoff Porteous wore the make-up briefly in Hellbound, but Hellraiser III is the first time someone else has worn the full costume and make-up. I didn't like it; it was strange and upset me a lot. I realised then how jealousy protection of him I've become. As Pinhead I had to have an Elliott double too. So there were five versions of me on set that night, including the Elliott dummy we first used

in Hellbound. Talk about an ego-maniac's dream".

As for the make-up chores Bradley sighed, "It remains a drag and always will be however much a part of the job it has become. Putting iron during Hellraiser was something of a semi-mystical process. The hours went by and I was magically transformed. That edge has long since vanished. Today, (October 25th, 1991), numbers the 37th time I've worn the make-up in five years which mirrors my age exactly". The Image Animation five-man crew have made the whole process easier this time according to Bradley. "My total look is slightly redesigned, going on in fewer face pieces than before. And the nails are plastic now. They were always metal before this picture. That helps them sit better on my face and is a lot more comfortable because I'm carrying less collective weight".

Bob Keen's Image Animation crew put the finishing touches to Doug Bradley's make-up





From Chislehurst in North London to Pinewood Studios and now North Carolina the *Hellraiser* trilogy has covered a remarkable distance. Bradley added his thoughts on the other differences. "Obviously working with Clive on the first was an amazing experience as I'd known him for 20 years. His concern was always with the imaginative side of any project. He felt the acting could take care of itself and lived for the times his creative juices would start flowing. To have that as a starting point was invaluable. Creating Pinhead enabled him to give me so much inspiration on that level. Tony Randal had the toughest job of all with the sequel, usually a minefield for directors anyway. But Randal had to follow a hugely popular movie, based on Clive's invented mythology, with his own concepts and make them work. I didn't envy him stepping into Clive's sizeable shoes. Randal's approach was very much to camera. That was the exciting challenge he offered and I warmed to it because I had the imaginative side of the *Hellraiser* myth pretty much nailed down by then."

He continued, "Hellraiser III was going to be a thrill whatever directed as it's the first time I've worked in the States. Hellbound was different to *Hellraiser* because it was entirely fantasy based. We went to Hell early on and stayed there. Hell on Earth is another contrast. Pinhead is here, now, freed from the Lament Configuration box having lost his human conscience. It's a darker, nastier vision of Pinhead than

Hell on Earth has the potential to be the strongest episode of all

has ever been presented before. And Anthony Hickox has met that challenge head on. We've talked a lot and he said he felt nervous giving directions to someone who's played Pinhead twice before. I assured him trepidation by telling him it was nearly four years since I last had the make-up on, this was such a different spin on the character anyway, and I needed as much help as I could get. Although Tony is dizzying with his camera moves, I've found he's very much on the actor's side."

The only downswell to Hickox' approach was the compact and arduous 50-day shoot, said Bradley. "Clearly Tony enjoys working fast and doesn't mind the long hours. Yesterday I clocked up my longest day ever, 17 hours in total. It has to be fast to achieve everything in the six weeks Trans Atlantic Entertainment, (who bought the sequel rights from New World Pictures), allotted the production. But you can't linger to get

things right and that's frustrating. I've occasionally felt rushed but more often I've felt we were just working quickly. Perhaps working too slowly would have killed off any necessary spontaneity."

Hellraiser III climaxes with a black inversion of the Holy Sacrament. Pinhead shatters stained glass church windows, causes altar candles to flare like flamethrowers and incites a priest when he utters the line "Thou shall not bow down before any graven image except me, for I am the way". This controversial sequence is one Bradley calls "Pinhead's apotheosis". North Carolina being at the heart of the Bible Belt, the set was closed for obvious reasons, although it didn't stop religious crew members from strongly registering their disapproval. Bradley countered, "I don't look upon things like this as sacrilegious. I don't understand the notion of blasphemy or how, when people

believe in something and claim to have an absolute faith, any amount of ridicule can shake their conviction. Personally it doesn't concern me. Pinhead playing around with Christian symbolism in Church is perhaps the most crucial scene imagery ever created in the three movies so far. Pinhead isn't taking any of it seriously. It's just a big joke to him. Don't we all have an inalienable right to be shocked and offended? You can't spend time pussyfooting around because something might upset people."

With Peter Atkins and Image Animator's Bob Kane, Bradley completes the trio dubbed "The Guardians of Clive Barker's Myth" on *Hellraiser III*. Barker had to bow out from being involved due to book tour publicity commitments and executive producer chores on *Candy Man*. Based on the positive preview reaction towards *Hell on Earth*, Barker will definitely play a more active role in the already planned *Hellraiser IV*. But his creation was in safe hands as Bradley pointed out. "If a new movie started from scratch it would be a nightmare. We know we must all be beholden to Clive's aesthetic and remember how it started. I'm satisfied we've been able to move tangentially away from Clive's concept without losing the genius he invested in the genesis of *Hellraiser*. *Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth* has the potential to be the strongest episode of all because while a lot of familiar territory may be covered, exploring new ground is too which doesn't lose the ethos we must hold so dear to our hearts."



Concept design for the pseudo-Cenobite 'Pistonhead'

TETSUO II

- The Body Hammer

Shivers review by Nigel Floyd

Director: Shinya Tsukamoto.

Stars: Tomoroh Taguchi, Nobu Kanaoka,

Tsukamoto, Sujin Kim, Hideaka Tezuka, Nobu Asada.

Special Effects: Takashi Oda, Kan Takahama, Akira Fukaya.

Music: Chu Ishikawa.

Japan. 1991. 91 mins.

Introducing his latest film at the Furtaperto Film Festival in Portugal, Japanese film-maker Shinya Tsukamoto explained through a translator that the most important difference between the original and the sequel was that while *Tetsuo* had been made in black and white, *Tetsuo II* was shot in colour! More seriously, he went on to say that *The Body Hammer* was quieter, more normal, at times quite serene (!), and that it paid greater attention to the causes of the extreme violence it portrayed. It must be said his claims were slightly exaggerated, and this technically

and artistically superior follow-up will not disappoint those who revelled in *Tetsuo*'s mutant-machine madness.

Not so much a sequel as a radical re-working of the original *The Body Hammer* replaces monochrome images, industrial noise and revolving, screw-threaded metal penises with

near-monochrome images, industrial music and a more sophisticated version of Tsukamoto's post-modern 'body horror'. H.R. Giger's biomechanical designs for *Alien* again come to mind, as does David Lynch's penchant for industrial architecture, the central body-machine melding might

The Body Hammer replaces monochrome images, industrial noise and revolving, screw-threaded metal penises with near-monochrome images, industrial music and a more sophisticated version of Tsukamoto's post-modern 'body horror'



also be seen as echoing Seth Brundle's fusing with the telepod in Cronenberg's *The Fly*. Admirers of Katsuhiro Otomo's *Akira* will already have noticed the name Tetsuo is derived from a character in that futuristic animated movie, one who fashions a bio-mechanical arm for himself by sheer force of will. Like fragments of metal attracted to a powerful electro-magnet, these themes and images attach themselves to Tsukamoto, and are then forged in the furnace of his imagination into something new. Wearing your influences on your sleeve is never enough, however, and Tsukamoto pushes beyond them into a bizarre, homo-erotic realm that is all his own.

Following the *Tetsuo II* plot is almost as difficult as in the original Tsukamoto scorches our retinas with shiny images, flash-frames and frenetic chases, but the staccato scenes and cryptic dialogue are often oblique to the point of obscurity. In the opening scene, a man sees a drunk shot dead under a bridge at night; turning, he sees a plume of smoke rise from the arm of the killer, a young skinhead who then dons a uniform emblazoned with a large X. Immediately, we cut to scenes inside what looks like an iron-smelting plant. Things become clearer when the central character, Taniguchi, (Tomoroh Taguchi), wakes from a dream about his childhood: adopted at



Tsukamoto scorches our retinas with shiny images, flash-frames and frenetic chases

age eight, he remembers nothing of his life before that, but wonders whether these are images from his lost past. Then, while shopping with his wife Kana (Nobu Kaneko), Taniguchi is shot in the chest by two skinheads who kidnap their young son Minoru. Taniguchi gives chase through a maze of city streets and, finally confronting them, experiences a bodily change that seems linked to his murderous rage.

Later, Taniguchi himself is kidnapped by The Guy (Tsukamoto), who attaches him to a machine allowing access to memories of his childhood. These cause him to undergo a horrific bodily transformation: a

gun barrel emerges from his chest and he kills one of his two skinhead captors. Fleeting through a scrapyard, he kills the second and returns to his apartment, where - in a quiet and touching scene - his frightened wife recoils from him, hiding under the bedcovers with their dead son's toys and family photos. As Taniguchi/The Body Hammer undergoes a series of increasingly radical bodily transformations, and moves inexorably towards a violent showdown with The Guy, the action cuts between mutant machine mayhem, homo-erotic images of sweaty skinhead couples working out in their muscle factory, and more

serene flashbacks to Taniguchi's initially idyllic but increasingly disturbed past. What he finds buried in his memory is not an ideal childhood, but a nightmare in which his father encourages him to develop 'L'arme Atsumine' - a revolver-arm which when pointed at the family dog kills it stone dead. This is what has been buried in his unconscious all along, the knowledge that within lurks the mutant genes of The Body Hammer. "You became scared of yourself", says The Guy, "Because you found beauty in destruction."

Although shot in colour, *Tetsuo II* employs a limited range of blues, greys, silvers and blacks, thereby emphasising the metal sheen of its polished surfaces. Only rarely, where Taniguchi flees across the scrapyard and picks up a bright yellow plastic telephone, does Tsukamoto exploit colour to great effect. The imagery, though, is far from restrained: near the end, the triumphant Body Hammer taps the brains of his skinhead disciples with axes inserted through their foreheads. What the seemingly quiet by unmistakably apocalyptic codicil means is not clear. What is clear is how Tsukamoto has absorbed his diverse comic-book and cinematic influences into a violent, fetishistic vision that fuses avant-garde abstraction and cult metal machine madness.

Director Shinya Tsukamoto

SHINYA TSUKAMOTO FACTFILE

of *Denchu Kozai* (1987).

Tetsuo/Tetsuo: The Iron Men, (1989), director/ screenwriter/editor/producer/special effects/ co-photographer with Kei Fujimura. Played the 'Young Metal Fetishist' 67 mins. Black and white. 16mm. Blow-up to 35mm.

Hiruko Yokai Hunter/Hiruko the Goblin, (1990), director/screenwriter. 88 mins. Colour 35mm.

Tetsuo II: The Body Hammer, (1991), director/ screenwriter/editor/producer/photographer. Played 'The Guy'. Colour. 16mm. Blow-up to 35mm.



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"Nobody likes a smart alec. So when Shivers needed somebody to answer reader's questions, they sent for me. I can virtually guarantee that I won't know the answer to any questions you care to ask. But I've been in the game since Sean Connery had hair! And since I had hair, come to that. So I know where to go to get the information. Send me any questions, so long as it's about horror and related movies. And try and make it interesting. Will there be a *Jaws 6*? Is always going to be held over until the next issue.

Whatever happened to Jeff Lieberman, who directed the brilliant *Squirm*?

Gary Bryant,
Swindon, Wiltshire, UK.

He went on to make two more interesting horrors, *Blue Sunshine* (1977) and *Just Before Dawn*, then disappeared until 1988, when he came up with *Remote Control* about extra-terrestrial video that turn viewers into psychos. It was one of Kevin Dillon's first films, Jennifer Tilly is his girlfriend. I have seen it, but Shivers editor Alan Jones rates it. Check it out on Fox video. Now *Squirm 2* is on the cards.

I heard that several 'Video Nasties' are about to be re-released in Britain. Is that true?

Left: Jeff Lieberman's *Blue Sunshine*; Right: Juliette Lewis in *Life on the Edge*

INQUISITION

Shivers Q&A by David McGillivray

Dermot Sullivan,
Witney, Oxfordshire, UK.

Yes. Thanks to Vipco video boss Mike Lee. "My intention is to release a substantial number of previously unavailable horror films", Mike tells me. "It's time they were re-evaluated". Too true. Unfortunately most of the slashers on his release list are now legally obscene in this country and can't be shown again without judicious pruning. Currently back on video shelves are a cut version of *The Boogey Man* and the version of *Zombie Flesh Eaters* which originally played British cinemas. Mike expects *The Driller Killer* to be passed shortly with small cuts and plain packaging. (It was this video's blood-spattered sleeve that triggered the whole 'Video Nasty' business in 1982.) Also under consideration are *The Slayer*, *Flesh for Frankenstein* and *Tobe Hooper's Death Trip*.

At the 1988 'Shock Around The Clock' horrorfest, I saw *Life on the Edge* and was really im-

pressed by Juliette Lewis, who played the daughter. Is this Juliette Lewis now starring in *Cape Fear*?

Casey,
London E5.

Yes, same actress. Juliette spent most of her short career playing the daughter in domestic drama. Now it's paid off with *Cape Fear* for which she was nominated as Best Supporting Actress Oscar for her role as the victimised teen. Born in California in 1973, she's the daughter of actor Geoffrey Lewis, whose genre films include *Human Experiments* (1960), *Night of the Comet* (1984) and *Out of the Dark* (1988). Juliette was Emmy-nominated for her very first screen role in the cable TV miniseries *Home Fires* (1987). She then went into the TV-series *I Married Doris* starring Elizabeth Pena. In 1988 she had a smallish role in *My Stepmother Is An Alien*. The following year she was in *Life on the Edge*, which flopped and was re-released as *Meet the*

Hollowheads, and was the daughter yet again in *National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation*. She finally came of age in the NBC Movie of the Week *Too Young to Die* (1990) in which she was a teenager charged with murder. The same year she was in TV's *A Family For Joe* and *The Wonder Years*. We've yet to see her in two films she made last year, *Crooked Hearts* with Vincent D'Onofrio and Jennifer Jason Leigh, and *That Night* starring somebody called Elias Koteas. She's currently starring in Woody Allen's latest untitled project and is slated for the remake of the Pitbulls thriller *Beyond a Reasonable Doubt*. By the way, she's an item with *Johnny* Depp's Brad Pitt. Thelma's blusher in *The Lime and Louise*.

You said elsewhere that *The Punisher* was censored by 70 seconds in Britain. What was cut and why?

J. Salter,
Dagenham, Essex.

The BBFC is very touchy when it comes to the glamourisation of dangerous weapons. According to its Annual Report, "The Punisher" featured a wide range of exotic weaponry presented in adult comic-book style. Crossbows were cut for film and video, as were metal stars, blades protruding from boots, spikes thrown through a man's palm and a spiked metal

"Nobody likes a smart alec. So when Shivers needed somebody to answer reader's questions, they sent for me."



sphere in a man's throat. And orgy of destruction in a gambling club was also reduced for 18+, and removed altogether was the sight of a gun forced deep onto a man's mouth before firing.

I've always been fascinated by a line in John Travolta's autobiography 'What the Censor Saw', which reads: 'The worst I ever saw was a film called *Mark of the Devil*, made by a young British director for a German company'. Who was the director and what became of him?

Leslie Gaynor, Lincoln.

The man in question is actor-turned-director Michael Armstrong, and *Mark of the Devil*, made in 1970, is his last film to date. Since then, however, he's been involved in some extraordinary projects in every conceivable medium. During the Seventies he mainly wrote six comedies - *Eskimo Nell* (1974), *Adventures of a Taxi Driver* (1976) and many more - but was also responsible for the script of the unlimed Sex Pistols movie *A Star is Dead* (1978). At the end of the decade he got involved with a company called Maiden Music, which collapsed in 1981 leaving a stockpile of still-born Armstrong projects. They included a series of puppet films and a multi-million dollar live action/cartoon combo called *The Enchanted Orchestra*. Michael knuckled down to scripting *The Professionals* and *Shoeshine* and

between 1983-8 wrote three fantasy shorts later linked and issued on video as *Scream Time*. In 1983 he wrote Pete Walker's last film to date: *House of Long Shadows*. The following year he went to Los Angeles and stayed. He failed to find finance for a feature film called *Orphanage*. Instead he wrote unfilmed screenplays for producer Sandy Howard and wrote and directed a stage musical called *My Jewish Vampire*. In 1989 he was tempted to Paris to write three more screenplays (all unfilmed). He returned to England in somewhat reduced circumstances and was obliged to serve behind the bar at the Top Rank club in Reading. Back on his feet in 1990, he wrote and directed the Christopher Lee prologue added to the video reissue of the silent *The Phantom of the Opera*. Last year he produced a stage thriller, 'The Kidnap Game', at the Theatre Royal, Windsor. In his spare time Michael has always taught drama. 'I started teaching at the Italia Conti stage school when Peter Duncan was sixteen, so work it out', he says. Two years ago he formed his own drama school, the Armstrong Arts Academy, whose debut production, 'The Illustrated Games People Play', begins a two week run at London's Link theatre on 20th May.

Below: One of the reasons why *The Boogey Man* was labelled a Video Nasty



COMPETITION

Here's your chance to win not one, not five, not even ten... but the full sixteen title range in the Palace Video Horror Collection. The package includes everything from the cult classics *Night of the Living Dead*, *Basket Case*, *Evil Dead 1 & 2*, *The Hills Have Eyes*, *Santa Sangre* and *Carnival of Souls* to the weird items: *Brain Damage*, *Creepers*, *Edge of Sanity*, *Night of the Demons*, *Vampires at Midnight*, *Trick or Treat* and *One Demons*. The five lucky winners will also receive the *Terror in the Aisle* documentary and Palace's latest horror release *The Howling VI: The Freaks*.

Can you afford not to enter this competition? Just send the four answers to these not so hard questions to the address printed on the *Shivers* contents page. Good luck!

- 1) *Santa Sangre* and *Creepers* share a common link. What is it?
- 2) He's the deformed creature in *Basket Case*. What's his name?
- 3) Who directed the recent colour remake of *Night of the Living Dead*, still strangely unreleased in Britain?
- 4) *Edge of Sanity* is an update of a classic horror story. Which one?

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THE DEVIL AND MR STANLEY

Shivers report by Alan Jones

Hardware only cost \$1 million to produce, so it's not surprising the same cast of Palace Pictures, Rith Four International, British Screen and Miramax would cough up five times that amount for Stanley's latest controversial shocker.

The arid Namib desert can play strange tricks on the mind. Is that seductive open-air cinema really showing *The Bird With The Crystal Plumage*? No, not really, but the set dressing of the faded poster for Dario Argento's first giallo movie hints at the many Italian influences Stanley has incorporated into a score scenario he calls, "A Dry

I left the place quickly because I found it very quiet and boring. Six months later I read that innumerable body parts were found in the boot of an abandoned car there.



White Season meets *El Topo* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. The South African born 28 year-old adds, "Some years ago I was travelling across the desert by train which pulled into a small town, I left the place quickly because I found it very quiet and boring. Six months later I read that innumerable body parts were found in the boot of an abandoned car there. I was curious about the fact that though the place seemed so dull, there were people living there who were cutting up bodies and desecrating them. South Africa really is insane, it has the world's highest slaying

rate. There's so much psychopathic rage there which hasn't been properly looked at." This 1982 event inspired Stanley to make a 16mm short film on the subject while attending film school at Cape Town. Post-Hardware he decided to expand it into a full-length feature after hearing more about the fantasy elements local legend had grafted onto the gruesome happenings. "Because the killer seemed uncatchable by the police, supernatural overtones were attached to the slayings. When they finally did apprehend him, the police shot off his head and he was never identified. This of course added more heightened reality colour to the tale and even a 'conspiracy theory'." That was Stanley's cue to add many African tribal myths to the core true story and take it to further metaphysical planes. "I interface Bushman myths about the 'Nightwalker', a shape-shifting black magician-ours-vampire who turns into a hyena and sidewinder snake, with the vanishing hitchhiker and 'Man

Left page: Director Richard Stanley on location in Namibia

This page left: the head-bursting climax

Below: Robert Burke is Hitch in *Dust Devil*

Going to the "Devil" in South West Africa is easy. All you have to do is follow the sign posts pointing the way into the heart of the Namibian desert. For at the end of this 'Highway to Hell' is a cluster of vans, catering tents and imported camera equipment signifying the location for director Richard Stanley's *Dust Devil*. This supernatural serial killer thriller is Stanley's follow-up to *Hardware*, the hi-techno-punk sci-fi movie that to date has grossed a phenomenal \$70 million worldwide.





Would you hitch a lift from this man?

With *No Name*'s ideas, while conforming to the travelling serial killer theme laid down by *The Silence of the Lambs*.

Indeed Stanley takes many ingenious detours in *Dust Devil*, ones he feels are mainly inspired by Sergio Leone. "Stylistically *Dust Devil* is another marriage between Italian gangster spaghetti westerns. In Leone's *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*, cynical privateers looked for buried gold against an American Civil War backdrop. My *Dust Devil* characters weave in and out of similar historical events because I updated the murders to run parallel to Namibia's bloody fight for independence from South Africa in 1988. If *Hardware*'s overall look was orange, red and fiery hell, *Dust Devil* is a burnt down sepia reciting Leone's brown colour and in *Once Upon A Time in the West*. Their watercolour shades of lavender blue and turquoise seep in to represent the magical happenings. I was very impressed by Michele Soavi's *The Sect* and used his idea of shimmering Virgin Mary blues to similarly represent the forces of God."

Dust Devil follows the twisted fates of three characters: Hitch, a drifter with a past as chilling as his ice-blue eyes out to satiate his abnormal appetites; Wendy Robinson, a young South African woman on the run from a bankrupt marriage and an abusive husband; and Ben Mukurob, a near-retired policeman.

Dust Devil follows the twisted fates of three characters; Hitch, a drifter with a past as chilling as his ice-blue eyes out to satiate his abnormal appetites, Wendy Robinson, a young South African woman on the run from a bankrupt marriage and an abusive husband, and Ben Mukurob, a near-retired policeman.

a drifter with a past as chilling as his ice-blue eyes out to satiate his abnormal appetites. Wendy Robinson, a young South African woman on the run from a bankrupt marriage and an abusive husband, and Ben Mukurob, a near-retired policeman who is trying to crack a series of unsolved murders to

atone for a past nightmare misjudgement. "My original short focused mainly on Hitch and Wendy because I was more interested in developing the theme of the restless spirit, an angel of destruction, tap-dancing on deserted highways."

Starring in Stanley's *The Hitcher on Safari* are Robert

(*Robocop 3*) Burke, Chieko (The Dark Half) Feld and Zakes Mokae. Mokae appeared in Wes Craven's *The Serpent and the Rainbow* which Stanley thinks has a similar starting point to *Dust Devil* as he explains. "Both look off with true stories and deal with ancient African cultures virtually unknown to Western audiences. Whereas Craven had no real experience of the Haitian voodoo subject matter he was handling, I do know all about witchdoctors and the authentic locate they practise in." He continues, "Castigating Zakes was an audacious move on my part. Ben is a South African policeman which is a complete role reversal from the types Zakes has played in movies like *Cry Freedom*. Here he's the cop who comes into the interrogating room, an idea you really have to grapple with. He's someone who genuinely cares for the land and is protective towards it. But because he's from the old regime, he's damned for it, and it's a terrible contradiction."

And that's why *Dust Devil* isn't just horror entertainment notes Stanley. "Ben has lost



An autopsy is carried out on one of the supernatural serial killer's victims.



Robert Burke and Chelsie Field on the run from South African law and disorder

touch with his African roots. My own emotions and personal feelings in the political arena are expressed through Zakes' interpretation of the role. The main problem I have with my home country is, that no matter who's in charge, great offence seems to be taken towards the indigenous tribes. I don't understand why thousands of years of gods and traditions are being so coldly disregarded. **Dust Devil** is my strong argument why these cultures should be preserved and treasured. Namibia is certainly a very peaceful country for an African republic. People aren't living in fear. But at the same time my movie is equivocal about whether it is a hope for the future and a model for a free South Africa."

The decision to cast Robert Burke was an easy one to make according to Stanley. "My gut feeling was always to use a relatively unknown face. But the devil has to be sexy. I did a poll amongst my female friends as to who was the sexiest man around. Clint Eastwood came top. So when I saw Robert's incredible screen debut in Hal Hartley's *The Unbelievable Truth*, where he admittedly plays a similar character to Hitch, I knew I had my potential

Dust Devil is virtually uncategorisable because it's about the politics of magic, none of that mundane Poltergeist stuff!

new Eastwood. He had that look in his eyes and his Nazi/Aryan features worked for the part as the forces of darkness can be channelled well through blonds. Although a star on the rise, Robert was willing to involve himself in various sex scenes and behave like a dog, something he does in one outrageous scene. It isn't just Hitch who's on the edge. Most of the characters are always on the verge of blowing someone away. While it may be obvious Hitch is responsible for the killings, the others aren't too far behind him. Wendy starts brandishing a shot-gun, her husband pursues her also armed to the teeth, and even Ben is ready

to shoot at the climax.

Dust Devil opens with a murder. Stanley calls it "Something of an endurance test. It's a taboo moment of shattering shock horror where a woman is sexually abused, tortured and then castrated. If you can make it through the first ten minutes, then you'll be able to take the ensuing sexual and racial issues I raise. The whole point of **Dust Devil** concerns the fragility of reality. You never know if Hitch is just another muther on the loose or a real demon. Even the grand finale doesn't resolve that. And I don't just tear bodies apart. The characters' moralities are destroyed too in a gory sur-



Robert Burke arrives at the ghost town

realistic fashion. What you see in **Dust Devil** is pretty absurd as well as very shocking". All the gore and prosthetic work, which often melted in the scorching heat before they could be used, were handled by Little John and Chris Halli, once part of Bob Keen's Image Animation crew, now key members of Geoff Portman's breakaway firm Dream Machine.

Dust Devil was shot over eight weeks last Summer on location in Namibia because, "No one could interfere with what we were doing. Rushes took two weeks to get back to the London home base so it was impossible for anyone to order reshoots as we'd have already struck the sets by then". But Stanley points out, "It certainly wasn't cheaper to him in Namibia as we had to air-lift in standard equipment because no film industry exists there".

However he adds, "I purposely wrote the script around real places I knew about. For example, the final showdown takes place in the actual ghost town of Kolmanskop. Because Namibia was the last bastion of German colonisation, all the houses were built in a Bavarian Gothic style. Half buried in the sand, these grand *Psycho* houses in corrugated iron make for a very strange and wonderful contrast. Kolmanskop looks like something Steven Spielberg art-directed and then left behind for some reason".

With a soundtrack composed again by Simon Boenell, **Dust Devil** represents a quantum leap over **Hardware** on practically every artistic level remarks Stanley. "It puts black magic back in the jungle where it belongs. It comes from my head and heart and was a more positive experience in every way. **Hardware** was too unambitious in retrospect. **Dust Devil** is virtually uncategorisable because it's about the politics of magic, none of that mundane *Poltergeist* stuff! It's rooted in real life and a real place, yet plays like a horror fantasy because it deals with the tricky, illusory nature of a genre I love. I suppose I've turned Namibia - the last location on Earth that hasn't been seen to death on screen - into a landscape of dreams more than anything else. Indeed, it's very close to what I dream of at night..."

BODY PARTS

Directed by Eric Red

Starring Jeff Fahey, Lindsay

Duncan, Brad Dourif, Zakes

Mokae

CIC Video Released June 12th

Unfortunately for director Eric Red, Paramount chose to

release his latest movie in the States the same weekend a certain Milwaukee-based serial killer was unmasking a few body parts of his own to the world. The film quickly, and quietly, disappeared in the name of potential bad taste, ensuring a straight to video release over here. Which is a shame, because **Body Parts** is not at all bad.

Based on the novel *Chaos* Cuts by Los Diaboliques authors Iwakazu-Norojojo, **Body Parts** deals with criminal psychologist Bill Cruckshank (Lawnmower Man's Fishley), who having lost an arm in a traffic accident, has a new limb experimentally grafted on. Things appear to be going well, until Bill learns that the arm previously belonged to mass murderer Charley Fletcher (John Walsh), as did another arm, a pair of legs, and possibly even a head which have been grafted to other needy patients. Now Bill's having a few problems with his arm — hitting his kids, strangling his wife, that kinda thing — and it looks as if Charley wants to be a whole man again.

Bursting high production values, strong performances — Fahey, and especially Lindsay Duncan as the mysterious doctor behind the experimental surgery — and with its emphasis firmly set on the psychological over the visceral, **Body Parts**

VIDEODROME

Shivers reviews by Bob McCabe

works well for the most part, with psychologist Cruckshank moving from a man who seeks to understand the psychology of violence, gradually finding himself succumbing to the art of the flesh. Unfortunately, things tail off somewhat around the mid-way point, with characters such as Zakes Mokae's detective, and ideas such as the power of Charley's arm over Bill's body left sadly underdeveloped. Red compensates for this with some impressive set pieces — a car chase with Bill handcuffed between two cars for instance, and an early hospital scene, in which armed guards carry shotguns whilst wearing surgical gowns and witnessing a decapitation, is particularly memorable.

CAST A DEADLY SPELL

Directed by Martin Campbell

Starring Fred Ward, David

Warner, Julianne Moore,

Alexander Powers

Warner Home Video Released April 24th

"Los Angeles, 1948

Everybody used magic."

Everybody that is except H. Philip Lovecraft (Ward), a hard bitten, Chandernagor private eye. In a time where voodoo dolls are considered murder weapons, vampires reside in jail, and the police forces has a tough time on the night of a full moon cleaning up all those werewolves,

yes, Lovecraft prefers the old fashioned way. Thus he is hired by eccentric millionaire David Warner to retrieve a book — the Necronomicon no less — in time for Warner to bring forth the lord of darkness and dominate the universe.

Produced by Gale Ann Hurd, this gonzo bending detective/horror movie spoof is a quiet delight. *Blame*-something writer Joseph Dougherty's script crackles with wit and snappy dialogue of the "you just missed the 1000th that saved the world" variety, with Ward an excellent fit as the Lovecraftian "Ice hero". In-jokes abound, virgins hunt unicorns, gnomes live in car engines, and the devil does indeed rise from the depths of a magic housing estate. A made for cable movie in the States, **Cast a Deadly Spell** boasts wit, originality and a successful mix of styles.

SCHIZO

Directed by Manny Coto

Starring Lisa Al'F, Aron Eisenberg, Christopher McDonald,

James Purcell, Vincent Schiavelli

Medusa Home Video Released May 13th 1992

Archaeologist Chris Hayden, plagued by nightmares of the brutal murder of his family in a Yugoslavian monastery, opts to return to the site to complete his father's work. His father was searching for the burial chamber

of a ten-year-old boy prince, renowned for his sadistic methods of peasant torturing. What Chris finds is Daniel, his imaginary boyhood friend, who bears more than a passing resemblance to the prince in his choice of games. And Chris is becoming a perfect playmate.

A psychological thriller that loses some of its effectiveness by ultimately relying on cheap FX — the boy prince, and even cheaper dialogue — killer quips a la Freddy et al. That's not to say that **Schizo** doesn't have its moments — the tortuous death of a photographer and his girlfriend, by spike and buzzsaw respectively, and a psycho cameo from Vincent Schiavelli, are all nicely played. Unfortunately, McDonald's central performance lacks anything approaching conviction, and the film quickly sinks into a series of pick axe driven false endings, before finally settling on a non non-gratuitous twist.

MUTRONICS

Directed: Screaming Mad

George

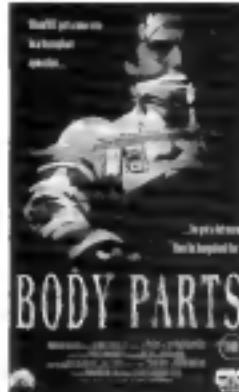
Stars: Mark Hamill, Jack

Armenian, David Gale

Released: May 13, (Medusa Home Video).

"I'm not Screaming Mad" George turns co-director for a movie originally titled *Guyver* named for a device that encases its wearer in a suit of impenetrable armor. Loosely based on Japanese comic book characters, the Guyver is being hunted by a group of super-mutants — the Zanoids — currently residing in downtown

Below: *Breakout Blood Spattered Schizo*



Right: Mutronics get ahead!

L.A. They've lost it! CIA man Mark Hamill wants to find it. But passer-by martial artist Jack Armstrong's got it - unfortunately embedded in the back of his skull. As produced by Brian Yuzna, (who with George's assistance was responsible for the infinitely more interesting *Society*), this is a curious attempt to make a slightly gaudier rip-off of *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*, mixing humour with martial arts with mutations - the mutants themselves are a wacky bunch of bungling, fun-loving monsters, who crack jokes along with heads, and even rap when appropriate. Although coming from such renowned FX-perts, most of what's on offer here is of the tacky man-in-rubber-suit variety, despite some classier work on the Guyver (ball) and the occasional human cockroach. Derivative, dire and disappointing, the presence of Mark Hamill only serves as a reminder that *Star Wars* was indeed long ago and far, far away.

THE HOWLING VI: THE FREAKS

*Director: Hope Perello
Stars: Brendan Hughes, Antonio Fargas, Carol Lynley
Released: May, (Palace Home Video Self-Thru.)*

A series in name only - I gave up around the time of *The Howl-*

ing III: The Macaupais

- this latest unconnected entry follows the series' geometric trend of each chapter being cheaper and duller than the last. Driller werewolf Hughes arrives in a quiet dustbowl of a town in search of Harker's Traveling Freak Show. Harker, it transpires, is a vampire with a sofa bed coffin, responsible for slaughtering his family and leaving him in his lycanthropic state. Things slowly come to a head as wolf bites bed, with a little help from Alligator Boy and Pen-gon Girl. A movie with about as

much flair as budget, *Howling VI* relies on tedious passages of church-rebuilding to country tunes and an interminable tour of the freak show, providing little in the way of freaks, and much in the way of Fargas biting heads of chickens. Transformation scenes and make-up are well below par, (on one occasion relying on a silhouette behind a curtain), with the final werewolf resembling a refugee from a hard rock band. *The Howling* movies are now based on the series of books by Gary Brandner. Joe Dante's original wisely took the title and left the novel alone. The best thing on offer here is the excellent sleeve artwork by John Bolton. Nice video box, shame about the movie!

Left: *Howling VI: The Freaks*
Below: *The Perfect Bride*



THE PERFECT BRIDE

*Director: Terrence O'Hearn
Stars: Scream Queens, Kelly Preston, Linden Ashby
Released: April 29, (Virgin Premiere)*

A post-feminist, pre-nuptial *Stepfather* with Scream Queens as the girl who just can't say 'I do'. She's an English nurse, working Stateside, looking for 'Mr. Right'. But he has a tendency to always disappoint, leading to a pre-wedding night hypodermic in the neck. Now she's trying again. Engaged to Linden Ashby, things seem to be going well. He loves her and his family loves her - all except sister Kelly Preston who has more than a few worries about her sister-in-law to be. Taking its lead from *The Stepfather*, and many plot points too - Davis forgets her new identity in public and so on - this is a run-of-the-mill horror thriller that stretches all believability at times. For example, although states apart, Davis ends up with the same caterer from her last near-wedding. With exploded thighs delivered in a perfumery manner. Preston is good as the disturbed sibling guilty over the accidental death of her sister, while Davis is wooden with a clipped English monotone. In line with the growing women as non-victims horror trend exemplified by *The Hand That Rocks The Cradle*, this is probably essential viewing for bachelor parties, but little else.

What horror films have influenced today's genre directors? David Blyth looks at the first in a regular series of celebrity listings

Born in New Zealand in 1956, David Blyth's first film was *Amagrimme* in 1978 followed by *A Woman of Good Character* in 1982. But it was the 1984 New Wave zombie cult favourite *Death Warmed Up* which cemented his career in horror. In 1986, after directing twelve episodes of the New Zealand soap opera *Close to Home*, Blyth moved to Los Angeles and began working on numerous unproduced scripts. *Held Hostage*, *Gunners Run* and *Kitty Nimblefoot*. In 1989 he directed parts of *The Horror ShowHouse* III but special effects make-up man Jim Isaac received the full credit. Blyth then directed *Red Blooded American Girl* in 1990, a hi-tech vampire chiller scripted by Alan Maitly who directed *Pump Up The Volume* and wrote *Lucia Borden's Love Crimes*.

Blyth's latest film is *Moonthrisse/Grampine* starring Grandpa Munster Al Lewis. This vampire comedy received its world

TOP TEN

DAVID BLYTH'S TOP TEN HORROR MOVIES

The 1984 New Wave zombie cult favourite *Death Warmed Up* which cemented his career in horror

premiere at the 10th Brussels International Fantasy Festival in March. Blyth is currently developing *Exurbia* for New Line Pictures. Written by Lars Björk and Kim Henkel, who co-wrote *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* with Tobe Hooper, *Exurbia* deals with mental stress in today's society and concerns a father who suddenly goes berserk amongst his suburban family.

"My ten favourite horror films in no particular order are:

1) *The Hunger* (1983) Tony Scott's stylish vampire movie packed with lush, erotic dread and containing intriguing performances from David Bowie, Catherine Deneuve and Susan

Sarandon

2) *The Tenant* (1976) Roman Polanski's brilliant tour de force of gradual terror and madness amongst the ordinary. Or is it?

3) *Peeping Tom* (1960). Michael Powell's classic tale of voyeurism and the sexual power one can wield over an (un)willing victim. The haunting imagery has never been duplicated and I still find this a very disturbing movie to watch.

4) *The Exorcist* (1973). What can I say? William Friedkin's powerful study did the impossible. It brought the Old Testament back to life for a new generation.

5) *Dead Ringers* (1988) David Cronenberg is one of my favourite all-time directors. His unforgettable strange experiences hit all the right spots.

6) *The Evil Dead* (1981) Sam Raimi's relentless pursuit of horror and humour still bawls me over.

7) *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (1974). Sweet-inducing, claustrophobic and unrelenting, Tobe Hooper's landmark film gave horror a gritty, harsh reality.

8) *Night of the Living Dead* (1968) George Romero's touchstone of modern horror. Supermarket zombies - a metaphor for our age?

9) *Halloween* (1978) John Carpenter's temtifying classic and the definitive suburban horror film paving the way for *A Nightmare on Elm Street*.

10) *Motel Hell* (1980). One of the wickedest gore comedies it's been my pleasure to watch. You have to see it to believe it!

Top left: *Death Warmed Up*
Bottom left: Blyth directs the Comedy/Horror *Moonthrisse*
Bottom: *Moonthrisse* poster



Though magazine letter pages continually boast that 'I've watched every *Video Nasty* going and none have depressed or corrupted me', horror movies continue to be cut. *Exploratory* still suffers the ignomony of barking its gay prequel to British viewers. Harry: *Portrait of a Serial Killer* is bunted.

HELL SCREEN

Shivers opinion by David Prothero

Slaves to the censor

snappy tabloid terminologies of the endlessly repetitious 'In The Fear', the bulk of Britain's Avant-gardes have been as under-achieving in their coverage of homo-narrative Cause Scandals. As a result, the various strengths and liabilities of our successive genres have been as yet unexamined, perhaps perfectly secret. Exist, insight, pedantic, over-cynical and boy's-own attitudes to our favourites fail to comment the horror areas as anything but infantile, an unashamedly uprooted enthusiasm for genres of greatest, this too was-poor minded to apprehension.

Lacking even the vaguest self- and industry-wide awareness that masses the yesteryear U.S. Gore Gazelle, a genuine, plucky m/c, every impulse destined to lack *the wind under the wings* — atrociously twanging, pilot-squeezing, brain-dead A-2's of Vito Raggio's agents so aptly 1960s as to belittle whole the career line that horror at heart is to aden-headed trash who live to stir them not enough to draw *the last gasp*, a waste of time and energy and the II B.I.G. closet perverts, much more daring to discuss experimental obscurities like Ruggero Deodato's cannibal massacres, and *The Beyond* with the audience still peace they demand.

Far from furthering an underground cause, Friedman's vicious vanity press garners with laudatory praise, to dig the

"Movies don't kill people - people do."

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delusions divide between high and low-brow cinema even deeper than before. Okay for banned-film pretenses, perhaps, *Deadly Spasm* fails us, too, but not for the banal intro - his mother's semi-psychotic no-shock jitters - that may have been time to leave the fan-hat stock, *collar*, *Stalactite* and *Waxwork* history accused of being "mean-spelled" as a result. Such is the case that *dead-bones* ends with the most savvy - even in real terms - in terms of the film and combinatorily ongoing - audience demotions - where he invited the singular *Nashville* tag that pretends the

productive gone sub-genre of ten or forty years ago. (See a '70s today.) Was it ever of principle the product? (Archiv?)

metacriticism and the critics' postmodernist critique (see 'Applause in Absurd', *Entertainer*, Shape, *Film*) at the top ranks with a trans-world elite that might include E.T.C., *Video Watchdog* in 'Splitting Image').

Too easily pleased with hyperbolically retro line of the execrable *Zombie* '90 kind, or easily with the door anti-explosive plays of *Henry* capable of centaurizing the ultimate names of long-forgotten, between-supercilious-itch-reverie and nostalgic-dreams? Now, however, the gormless doomsday-haile Asia as the next big thing - though much of the material is more contemporary than the

Asian movies previously championed Bounding vampire T-shirts and Chinese Film Fests bandwagon the trend. The unrelenting eccentricism and manic physicality of the core Hong Kong films held singular, extreme attractions - likewise their compass of sadism and sadism - but the appreciations levelled sidestep all with low IQ repeats of the good and gory flourishes. The xenophobia that allows video darlings to crowd Oshima's previously Japanese *Ai No Corrida*, the frantic wave of Tokyo *drakengoku* (inspired by Orzino and Takigumi), new and old style Hong Kong exports *Tee*, *Hank* and *Lucas Chan*, China's pre-Tiananmen *Men Behind the Sun*, and *Golden Harvest* in one geographic mess is just plain insulting - predictably and psychothetically British. Its virtues so inconsiderately sold, the Eastern explosion too does visceral cinema a disservice.

W2: Given Slovo's powerfully crafted crime-Mondo movie JPK, it's superfluous to do in the year's multiplex. **The Officer** Koller is re-located as **Biggs**, Coors' 1980s-style shillelagh. Franco's finally succeeded not by readers as a maverick but whose uniqueness is rather daily sumpt, we must recognise concepts of crime/silence can be radically turned about. Does Slovo share shillelaghs with **Cannibal Holocaust**, (and indeed Harvard Harvard alumnae John [**Bullet in the Head**], Wod)? Is jazz pornographer Franco a more challenging author than as regular and cut-up against Bertrand Blier? Certainly yes. So if it's up to him to take the mortality-probing power of violent horror - not to talk ourselves into chewsy fan ghettos where tact Triona, lovers indulge no defences and only invent beliefs (favoured) lies, are anything more than "dead gone, good-bye". **Explodingman** is an adult strand describing the adults among us today, however.

For when the self-spraying B.B.F.C. pretends to sell as prohibitive parents, pitching the public as adolescents whose immature tastes are not to be trusted, refusing to baby-talk the movies we love is maybe our best defence.

Left: Zombie



SHIVERS

Starburst's sister publication, *Shivers* is launched in May 1992. For a long time now Starburst readers have demanded more in-depth coverage of the Horror genre. *Shivers* has boldly been designed to satisfy this need.

If it's good we'll cover it.
If it's bad we'll say so.
If it's ugly, well, all the better!

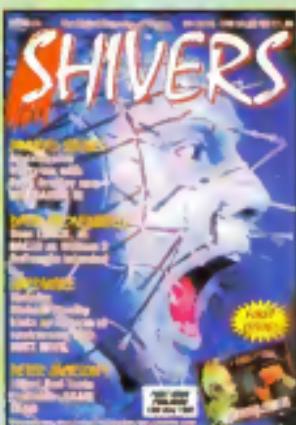
Slasher is edited by Slasher regular Alan Jones who chalks up his fifteenth year in 1992 reporting all aspects of the Horror genre on a global scale. Jones says, "My intention is to fill the critical gap left by such late lamented seminal publications as *Slack Express*. Slasher will have a different angle from anything currently on the market. By using correspondents from all over the world, and my own personal favourite writers in the Horror field, Slasher will comment on everything first — and best".

Why launch now?

Because the coming year sees the release of Anthony Hickox's *Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth*, Sam Raimi's *Army of Darkness*, *Evil Dead III*, Peter Jackson's *Braindead*, Richard Stanley's *Dust Devil*, Lamberto Bava's *The Returners*, Bernard Rose's *Candy Man*, Gasper Noé's *Carne*, Michele Soavi's *Lady's Nightmare*, Mick Garris's *Sleepwalkers*, George Romero's *The Dark Half*, Dario Argento's *Aura's Enigma*, not to mention the slew of vampire movies Francis Ford Coppola's *Dracula* has inspired or the many new Stephen King adaptations.

These are the Horror movies Shivers will be highlighting on a bi-monthly basis. The first shake and quake issue features David Cronenberg's *Naked Lunch*, *Hellraiser III*, *Dust Devil* and *Brazenhead* along with news, interviews and strong opinions all with an unusual slant.

You want fear?
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